



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

ing luxuries, in the opinion of the inmates. Not one of these was born in a bed, or had ever pressed one, and why should they not do as they had ever done? The only purpose of the frames seemed to be to keep them from dying on the bare earth. The whole score and a half of humanities might have possessed some four or five threadbare and tattered blankets, such a stock of clothing as might have furnished forth one respectable scarecrow, and perhaps half a shirt among them; but of the latter item we are somewhat uncertain, as we considered any particular scrutiny especially indelicate. The hut was literally full of trumpery, the use of most of which it were difficult even to guess. The following, as nearly as memory serves us, is a correct inventory:—

An old worn-out saddle; three steel-traps; fifteen dogs, bitches, and puppies; about a crate full of damaged crockery and pottery; an iron pot, without a bale or cover, and two legs off; a tin kettle, with three holes in the bottom; a fish-spear, an axe, a dozen fishing-rods and tackle; as many rags as would set up a paper mill; about a peck of clams, a damaged bucket, and a great variety of other things nameless and indescribable.

These true philosophers all appeared to enjoy the most robust health, with one exception, who was shaking with a paroxysm of ague on one of the frames before mentioned. The men were stout, hearty fellows, who might do their country good service at the tail of a plough or the end of a musket; but their ambition does not soar so high. They literally take no thought for to-morrow, though they very well know what a day must bring forth. They justly consider themselves

— “out of Fortune's power;  
He that is down can fall no lower.”

Once in a great while they may be persuaded to perform a day's labour, but these are rare and painful occasions, always followed by regret and repentance; and when their immediate wants are supplied, they return to the luxurious and indolent repose, which is their second nature, and which they enjoy in a perfection only appreciable by the Neapolitan lazzaroni. When they have thus been compelled to pass a night under a roof, it has been remarked that no human logic can persuade one of them to submit to the abhorred contact of soap and water, or to sleep in a bed, suppose any person could be found willing so to accommodate them. They own no boats, and they neither hire nor borrow them. Such property requires care and trouble, and rowing is laborious. A cow was once the apex of their ambition; but hunger knocks often at their door, and was fatal to poor Brindle. They are not rich enough to buy a gun. The conies, partridges, snapping-tortoises, frogs, squirrels, and such small deer, are their flocks and herds, and the earth produces wild artichokes and other esculent roots. As for their religion, they believe in beef and bread, and go to church, like parasitical insects, as often as they are carried. They believe that the earth is flat, and that the city of New York and the Narrows are its limits. To be hung up in a cage in the sunshine, with licence to scratch themselves, and to be well fed, constitutes their notion of heaven; and the county alms-house, where able-bodied people are constrained to work, is the purgatory of their imagination, or something worse. They think it is better to sleep than to be awake, to lie than to sit, to sit than to stand, to stand than to walk, and to walk than to run. Dancing is to them an incomprehensible abomination. They own no lord, they heed no law. They have nothing, and they want nothing. To cold, heat, rain, &c., they are perfectly indifferent, and their only known evil is pain, which comes to them only in the shape of hunger and intermittent fever. Nerves and delicacy they never heard of. Thus have they ever lived, and thus they will die.

The women at the time of our visit differed from the men only in attire, a superior volubility, a natural, rough-hewn coquetry, and the possession of certain brass trinkets, faded ribbons, and other fantastic fineries. None of them were either young or handsome enough to mark them as the victims of man's villany. The smaller fry about their wretched cabin attest that they have not in the least neglected the first command of God to man, though no priest or preacher can say that he has received a wedding fee on account of either of them. Their usual employment is to loll upon fences and gather berries, and they are also said to be skilful in roots and herbs. Some of them sometimes go to service for a time; but they soon return to their lair, like a sow to her wallowing in the mire. The alms-house has also afforded them an asylum in cases of emergency, but they invariably escape from it as soon as there is any work to be done. They toil not, nei-

ther do they spin; and assuredly Solomon, with all his wisdom, never dreamed of such a thing as one of these!

Many have asked, as we did, and many more will ask, “How do these people live?” Ask Him who feeds the ravens, for no one else can answer. That they do not work, is certain; that they neither beg nor steal, is to be inferred from the fact that their fellow Staten-landers have never accused them, and that they have never undergone the rebuke of the law. They are as harmless and inoffensive as they are useless. They are proverbially good-natured and honest; they do not get drunk, or abuse tobacco; for although some of them have a relish for these luxuries, it would cost too much trouble to earn the price of them. Otherwise, they are the very Yahoos of Gulliver.

Some philosophers have taught that content is the grand desideratum, the greatest good of earthly felicity. The contentment of savages and of negro slaves is brought to support their position. It is true that these are happy under their painful and degrading yoke; but what of that? Simon Stylites was no doubt happy on his pillow of torment: an ox, on the same principle, and for the same reason, is happier still, and the life of an oyster is bliss superlative. “The royal family of Staten-Island” are an example before our eyes to show how closely contentment may be allied with the extremes of degradation.—*From the Knickerbocker.*

### THE BLIND BOY.

Oh, mother, is it spring once more—  
The same bright laughing spring  
That used to come in days of yore  
With glad and welcome wing?  
And is the infant primrose born,  
And peerless daisy child  
Beneath the bowed and budding thorn,  
All beautiful and wild?  
And does the sky break out as blue  
Between the April show'rs,  
And smilingly impart its hue  
To her young violet flow'rs?  
And is the sun, the blessed sun,  
As dazzling in his might,  
As glorious now to look upon,  
As when I loved his light?  
As when, with clear and happy eye,  
Beneath that light I strayed,  
Or in the noonday brilliancy  
Sought out some cooling shade?  
And when the spring flow'rs drop away,  
Will summer days come fast,  
All rich with bloom—oh, mother, say!—  
As when I saw them last?  
Will merry children gambol o'er  
The meads, or by the brooks—  
Seek out the wild bee's honey store  
In some deep grassy nook?  
Or where the sparkling waters flow  
Go wand'ring far away,  
To cull the tallest reeds that grow,  
And weave them all the day?  
And will they climb the tall old trees,  
And at the topmost height  
Find birds of beauty, such as these  
That charm my long, long night?  
Or ranging o'er the wild morass  
Pluck the fair bog-down's head?  
Or o'er the long and slender grass  
String berries ripe and red?  
They will!—but I shall not be there:  
For me, oh! never more  
Shall spring put forth her blossoms fair,  
Or summer shed her store!  
Yet think not, mother, if I weep,  
'Tis for the seasons' gleam;  
Or if I gladden in my sleep,  
'Tis of such things I dream.  
No, mother, no!—'tis that thy cheek,  
Thy smile of tender joy,  
Thine eye of light, that used to speak  
Such fondness to thy boy—

It is the thought that that dear face—

Oh, bitter, bitter pain !—

Is blotted out through time and space  
For ever from my brain !

My mother, darling, lay my head

Upon thy own lov'd breast,

And let thy voice low music shed  
To lull thy child to rest ;

And press thy soft and dewy kiss

Upon his beating brow,

And let him feel, or fancy bliss—  
'Tis all that's left him now.

What though the noonday's sunny prime

Can yield unnumbered charms,

Give me the silent midnight time  
That lays me in thy arms.

For there I dream of joy and light,

The things I once could prize,

Ere darkness threw its dreary blight  
Upon my glad young eyes.

And in the same bright dreamy thought,

I gaze upon once more

My mother's face, with feeling fraught  
E'en deeper than of yore.

Yet do not weep, my mother dear,

Thy love is more than light—

Thy soothing hand, thy tender tear,  
More blessed e'en than sight !

And while that hand is clasped in mine,

My fault'ring steps to guide,

I will not murmur or repine,  
Or grieve for aught beside.

But, mother, when I soar away,

From life's drear darkness free,

Oh ! shall I not through heaven's long day  
Live gazing upon thee !

W. C. L.

## THE REAL "TEMPERANCE CORDIAL."

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

"WELL," said Andrew Furlong to James Lacey, "well ! that ginger cordial, of all the things I ever tasted, is the nicest and warmest. It's beautiful stuff ; and so cheap."

"What good does it do ye, Andrew ? and what want have you of it ?" inquired James Lacey.

"What good does it do me !" repeated Andrew, rubbing his forehead in a manner that showed he was perplexed by the question ; "why, no great good, to be sure ; and I can't say I've any want of it ; for since I became a member of the 'Total Abstinence Society,' I've lost the megrim in my head and the weakness I used to have about my heart. I'm as strong and hearty in myself as any one can be, God be praised ! And sure, James, neither of us could turn out in such a coat as *this*, this time twelvemonth."

"And that's true," replied James ; "but we must remember that if leaving off whisky enables us to show a good habit, taking to 'ginger cordial,' or any thing of that kind, will soon wear a hole in it."

"You are always fond of your fun," replied Andrew. "How can you prove that ?"

"Easy enough," said James. "Intoxication was the worst part of a whisky-drinking habit ; but it was not the only bad part. It spent *TIME*, and it spent what well-managed time always gives, *MONEY*. Now, though they do say—mind, I'm not quite sure about it, for they *may* put things in it they don't own to, and your eyes look brighter, and your cheek more flushed than if you had been drinking nothing stronger than milk or water—but they *do* say that ginger cordials, and all kinds of cordials, do not intoxicate. I will grant this ; but you cannot deny that they waste both time and money."

"Oh, bother !" exclaimed Andrew. "I only went with two or three other boys to have a glass, and I don't think we spent more than half an hour—not three quarters, certainly ; and there's no great harm in laying out a penny or twopence that way, now and again."

"Half an hour even, breaks a day," said James, "and what is worse, it unsettles the mind for work ; and we ought to be very careful of any return to the *old habit*, that has destroyed many of us, body and soul, and made the name of an Irishman a by-word and a reproach, instead of

a glory and an honour. A penny, Andrew, *breaks the silver shilling into coppers* ; and twopence will buy half a stone of potatoes—that's a consideration. If we don't manage to keep things comfortable at home, the women won't have the heart to mend the coat. Not," added James with a sly smile, "that I can deny having taken to *TEMPERANCE CORDIALS* myself."

"You!" shouted Andrew, "you, and a pretty fellow you are to be blaming me, and then forced to confess you have taken to them yourself. But I suppose they'll wear no hole in your coat ? Oh, to be sure not, you are such a good manager !"

"Indeed," answered James, "I was anything but a good manager eighteen months ago : as you well know, I was in rags, never at my work of a Monday, and seldom on Tuesday. My poor wife, my gentle patient Mary, often bore hard words ; and though she will not own it, I fear still harder blows, when I had driven away my senses. My children were pale, half-starved, naked creatures, disputing a potato with the pig my wife tried to keep to pay the rent, well knowing I would never do it. Now——"

"But the cordial, my boy !" interrupted Andrew. "the cordial !—sure I believe every word of what you've been telling me is as true as gospel ; ain't there hundreds, ay, thousands, at this moment on Ireland's blessed ground, that can tell the same story. But the cordial ! and to think of your never owning it before : is it ginger, or anniseed, or pepper-mint ?"

"None of these—and yet it's the *rale* thing, my boy."

"Well, then," persisted Andrew, "let's have a drop of it ; you're not going, I'm sure, to drink by yourself—and as I've broke the afternoon——"

A very heavy shadow passed over James's face, for he saw that there must have been something hotter than even ginger in the "temperance cordial," as it is falsely called, that Andrew had taken, or else he would have endeavoured to redeem lost time, not to waste more ; and he thought how much better the REAL temperance cordial was that, instead of exciting the brain, only warms the heart.

"No," he replied after a pause, "I must go and finish what I was about ; but this evening at seven o'clock meet me at the end of our lane, and then I'll be very happy of your company."

Andrew was sorely puzzled to discover what James's cordial could be, and was forced to confess to himself that he hoped it would be different from what he had taken that afternoon, which certainly had made him feel confused and inactive.

At the appointed hour the friends met in the lane.

"Which way do we go ?" inquired Andrew.

"Home," was James's brief reply.

"Oh, you take it at home ?" said Andrew.

"I make it at home," answered James.

"Well," observed Andrew, "that's very good of the woman that owns ye. Now, mine takes on so about a drop of any thing, that she's as hard almost on the cordials as she used to be on the whisky."

"My Mary helps to make mine," observed James.

"And do you bottle it or keep it on draught ?" inquired Andrew, very much interested in the "cordial" question.

James laughed very heartily at this, and answered,

"Oh, I keep mine on draught—always on draught ; there's nothing like having plenty of a good thing, so I keep mine always on draught ;" and then James laughed again, and so heartily, that Andrew thought surely his real temperance cordial must contain something quite as strong as what he had blamed him for taking.

James's cottage door was open, and as they approached it they saw a good deal of what was going forward within. A square table, placed in the centre of the little kitchen, was covered by a clean white cloth—knives, forks, and plates for the whole family, were ranged upon it in excellent order ; the hearth had been swept, the house was clean, the children rosy, well dressed, and all doing something. "Mary," whom her husband had characterised as "the patient," was busy and bustling, in the very act of adding to the coffee, which was steaming on the table, the substantial accompaniments of fried eggs and bacon, with a large dish of potatoes. When the children saw their father, they ran to meet him with a great shout, and clung around to tell him all they had done that day. The eldest girl declared she had achieved the heel of a stocking ; one boy wanted his father to come and see how straight he had planted the cabbages ; while another avowed his proficiency in addition, and volunteered to do a sum instantaneously upon a slate which he had just cleaned. Happi-